

# FORD TIMES

march 1953







*design by Charles Harper*

## Horseless Carriage Adventures

### No. 17—THE ALAMO

When the Lone Star State was just a big piece of rural Mexico, uninvited contingents of rangy settlers from the States began moving in and claiming land very informally. The then-current Mexican government objected, and much unpleasantness resulted. Today, deep in the heart of Texas and of all Americans is the shrine where Colonel Travis, Davy Crockett, Jim Bowie and other heroes of the Alamo fought against overwhelming odds and died asking no quarter.

Since then the adobe mission in bustling San Antonio has seen many changes. Changed are the tourists, who first came garbed in veils, dusters, goggles and gauntlets. Changed are their cars, from horseless carriages like the Fords shown above—the 1905 Model C at left, the 1908 Model S at right. Changed are the tunes, from “Get Out and Get Under,” to “The Hot Rod Race.” But unchanged is the visitors’ reverence for the brave men who defended the Alamo.

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# Hingham for Its Pride

by Elizabeth Coatsworth

paintings by K. M. Coffin

JUST possibly you, too, may come to Hingham, Massachusetts, by water, as the founders did in 1635, but more probably you will take State Highway 3A south from Boston following the coast road to Plymouth and the Cape. On the way, you will pass through Quincy and look down from the bridge at the great Fore River Shipyards. You will go through Weymouth where delightful Abigail Adams was born and where every May the alewives or herring still come out of the sea to crowd up the brook.

So important was the herring catch in the old days that someone put it into a derisive rhyme:

*Cohasset for its beauty,  
Hingham for its pride;  
Had it not been for herring  
Weymouth would have died!*

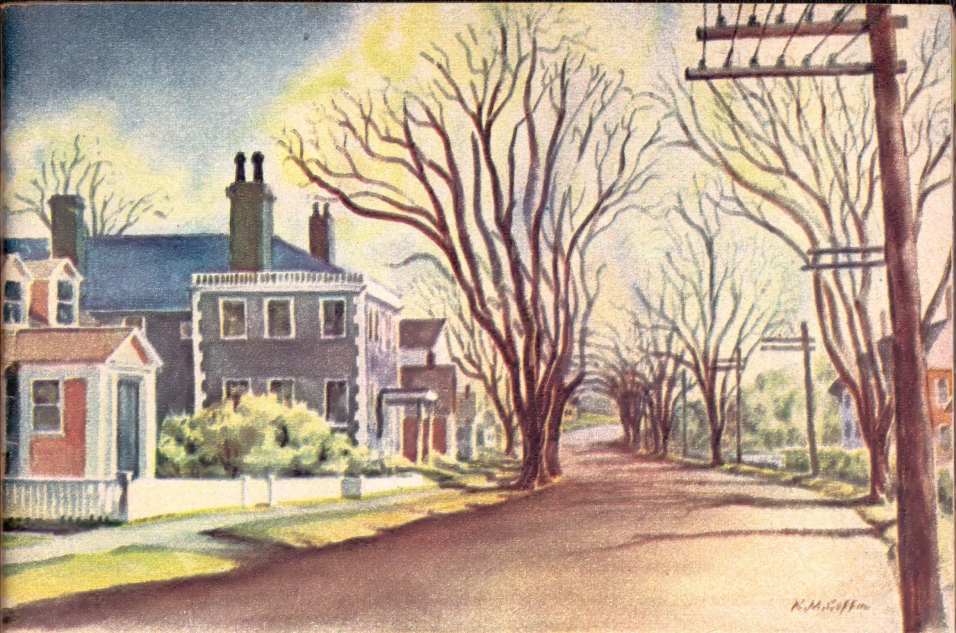
Until a few years ago, Hingham had a proud gateway which shut her off from the rest of the world. Then, across the Back River Bridge where the old toll house still stands, the wooded hills and green fields of the Bradley estate stretched for a mile on both sides of the road. Where Peter Bradley's stables and exercise ring stood, you now see abandoned shipyards, acres of corridors, empty offices and warehouses that echo only to the footsteps of an occasional watchman. Then the houses begin, and as you emerge on the wide sweep of the harbor, you are in the true Hingham.

Hingham is not a large town—still under ten thousand at the last census. New times and new immigrations have washed over it but without much changing its essential quality. It remains an old New England town, stretching back from Boston Harbor three and a half miles to Accord Pond and to

*Above right: Main Street, Hingham*

*Below right: The Lincoln Statue*







the old stage road to Plymouth. It would be hard, even in New England, to match Main Street for its length of eighteenth-century square houses with white picket fences and great elms which at points along the way stand five abreast.

Some of the old houses are lived in by descendants of the people who built them. Some are not, but there is still a native core of independence. Town meetings are well attended and arguments are long, pithy, and sometimes personal. In smaller ways, too, the citizens stand by their rights. When a friend objected to the town's putting a stone curb in front of her house, she sat in a chair all day guarding her property until the workmen had passed by. Nor is there a curb to this day. The people are weatherwise, too, and show an inheritance from sea-going ancestors. They will remark on a "nice northeast wind today," instead of simply "a nice day."

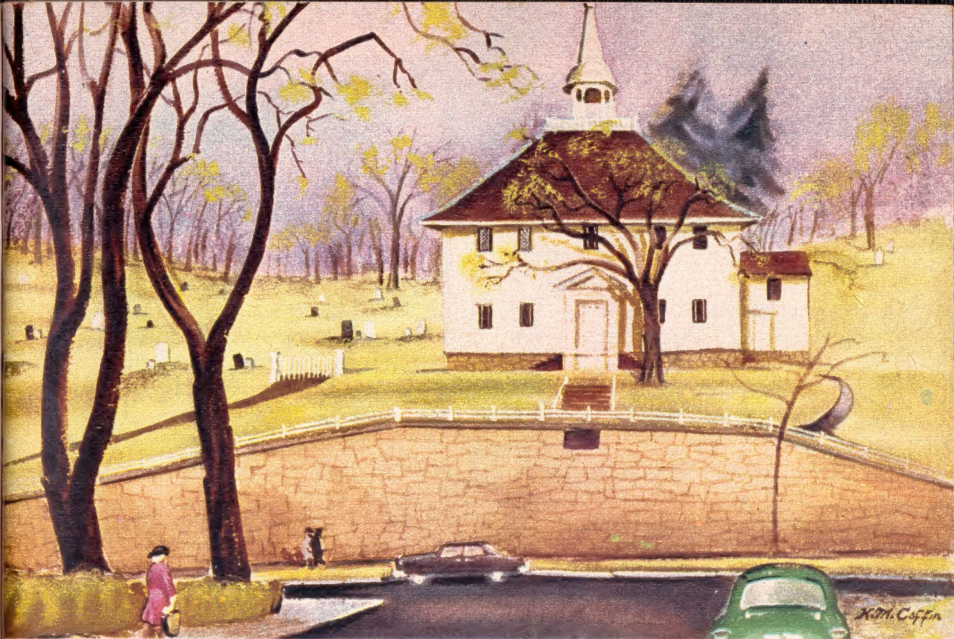
Nor are the men and women who lived in the town in former days forgotten. There is Madam Derby, who founded Derby Academy, the first coeducational school in New England. She was an eighteenth century fisherman's daughter who lived a true Cinderella story, for the rich doctor of the town saw her and fell in love with her; very sensibly, he had her educated, then married her. She eventually became a leading hostess of the town, and like Hingham she had her share of pride. The story is told of how she was caught by unexpected guests one day when still in her morning gown. She announced calmly, "Madam Derby will be down directly. Pray be seated," and five minutes later returned sumptuously dressed with no hint of having seen her callers before.

Ebenezer Gay, for so many years the Tory minister of the old Ship Church, was one of the homeliest men who ever lived, and one of the wittiest. A Unitarian, among the first to settle in New England, he lived and preached to a great old age, but was probably more loved for his pleasantries than for his doctrines. One day, for instance, while driving with another man to Boston, they approached the old gallows at Boston Neck, and his companion remarked, "Where would you be, my friend, if the gallows had its due?"

"Riding alone to Boston," Dr. Gay quickly retorted.

Daniel Webster was another frequenter of Hingham streets and houses, for he often stopped here on his way to Marshfield. Famous for his oratory in the Senate, Webster was a great lover of country quiet and was happiest when on his South Shore farm. "Oxen are far better company than





*The old Ship Church*

senators," he once confided to his friends.

Perhaps the most touching of the ghosts which haunt Hingham is that of the dreamer, Frederick Henry Ibbekin. He came at the very end of the eighteenth century, with a little money and a dream to "fly like a bird." But although he was admired for "his good figure, dress and address . . . his polite and easy manners," no one took much interest in his ideas. Thoroughly discouraged, he sent his notes and drawings to a learned acquaintance in Cambridge, and on a dreary February day in 1796, he shot himself. In his last stoical message, he wrote, "All my plans having failed, my money gone, I resolved to put an end to my life, but thought it my duty to leave you a description of my machines. My death will make no one unhappy, therefore I go with satisfaction out of this world." Yet his dream has come true with a vengeance!

The most famous man to live in Hingham was General Benjamin Lincoln, who received Cornwallis' sword at Georgetown. In later life General Lincoln held important positions in the state, and when he died flags were flown at half staff

and guns were discharged in Boston. He was a solid citizen in every sense. He is mentioned as one of eight high officers quartered at West Point in 1783 who weighed well over 200 pounds. Though not leading the list, Lincoln's honest heft tipped the scales at 224.

Many of the houses these people lived in are still standing, beautiful and well cared for. Bucket Mill Pond maintains the name of Hingham's most famous trade, for the town's strong, neat buckets, with their close-fitting tops and swinging handles, were sold throughout New England and in the West Indies.

Bucket making was their specialty, but the town was also a busy shipbuilding center with yards along the water front, and several salt works as well. Its mackerel fleet comprised seventy sail, and its merchant ships traveled to the West Indies and to all the ports of Europe and the Orient.

Today the harbor is silting in. Not even the Nova Scotia lumber schooners come now to the old lumber wharves at the cove. But there are sails to be seen—yachts anchored off the club at Crow Point or tacking across the reflections of summer clouds, appearing and disappearing among the islands, their sails tilting on windy days.

At low tide the harbor recedes into iridescent mud flats with channels meandering through them, and here the clam-mers work in inverted V's while the gulls keep a sharp eye on their activities. We have large flocks of migrating ducks, and seals breed along the rocks of World's End. Not many years ago friends, sailing out by Peddock's Island, were alarmed by a whale which showed an unusual interest in them.

Today Hingham has little industry; the larger number of its men have their businesses in Boston. Yet the old New England core of the town still exists and molds the newer elements. The Irish formed the first immigration, and they take great pride in their old homes which are mostly within the town itself. A small group of Dutchmen, who arrived several generations ago, are the dairymen. The Italians, for the most part, have small farms on the outskirts which they have brought to renewed life in vines and fruit trees. The Finns built to the south in the birch and pine woods, which must remind them of their native country.

I myself have spent many years in an old square gray house looking straight down the harbor. Every night Boston Light flashes into its windows, and in spring the wild geese pass over it. It was built about 1780 by John Souther, a ship-





### *Hingham Harbor*

builder whose yards lay below the house. How little has changed within its walls! Oak logs still burn in its six fireplaces; the sounds of church bells and sea gulls' cries drift through its open windows. The telescope through which John Souther watched the incoming vessels rested in a bracket that is still in its old place against the stair.

The most famous building in Hingham is the old Ship Church, built in 1681 on the slope of the graveyard hill and said to be the oldest church in continual use in the United States. It is a square building with its roof sloping up to an open belfry where a compass is painted on the ceiling. The fine Gothic use of the timbers inside, like the ribs of a wooden vessel, is so unusual on this side of the Atlantic that the Metropolitan Museum of New York has reproduced them in its American wing.

Perhaps for many people, Hingham's deepest interest will lie in its relation to Abraham Lincoln. It was here that the first Lincolns in America settled. Among them was eighteen-year-old Samuel Lincoln, "weaver and mariner," whose land

lay along the town brook facing what is now Fountain Square, where a bronze statue of Abraham Lincoln sits in deep reflection. On the statue's left stands the New North Church, built in 1807, with its galleries for Indians and Negroes. The Indians are gone, dissolved into the general population. But friends of ours remember an old colored woman who could recall sitting in the galleries as a young girl before she was freed and came down to sit in the "family" pew.

In the year that the New North Church was built, one of Samuel Lincoln's descendants (and so a cousin of Abraham Lincoln) became Attorney General of the United States. This was Levi Lincoln, who handed down the decision that "broke the fetters of Negro slavery" in Massachusetts when he refused "to admit as justification for an assault, the principle of master and slave." It is curious to reflect that half a century later, a kinsman named Lincoln was to be instrumental in abolishing slavery throughout the nation.

Abraham Lincoln knew of his probable origins, and in 1848, while a member of Congress, he wrote of this to Solomon Lincoln, the town historian. Later, as President, it is believed that he spent three days in Hingham. If true, he must have taken comfort in the beautiful and substantial town, in the Lincoln graves back of the old Ship Church; and standing beside the low white Lincoln house on North Street, he might have watched the red-winged blackbirds among the reeds by the Town Brook. It is pleasant to imagine that he went away strengthened and confirmed in his great course.

Continuity is half the secret of Hingham's charm. It has been a slow-growing plant, steadily putting forth new shoots, but never dying away from its roots. Here the present and the past are an unbroken whole, and the living and the dead get on well together. The sexton of the old Ship Church, long there when we came to Hingham, was a quiet man, on good terms with the graveyard and with all who lay there. Working alone at dusk, he often saw people whom he never met on the streets.

Once on a summer evening he tried the door of a sepulchral vault, preparing for a funeral next day, but twist the key as he might he could not move the heavy lock. "That lock always sticks," said a voice at his shoulder. "Push up on the door a little and turn the key twice to the left."

"Thank you," said the sexton, trying this suggestion. By the time the door had swung open, he was alone. ■





*photograph by Lou Jacobs, Jr.*

### *Giant Wisteria—a one-picture story*

WHEN Mrs. Alice Brugman planted a Chinese wisteria near her front porch in Sierra Madre, California, in 1892, she had no notion that it would turn out to be of Jack-in-the-Beanstalk proportions. She merely hoped that it would grow fast. It did. It covered the porch, crept up the sidewall, and spread over the roof. Through a succession of owners it continued to grow. The Wisteria Vine Association has now assumed the responsibility for its upkeep, which sometimes means an outlay of \$10,000 a year. The vine requires one full-time gardener aided for nearly three months of the year by three pruning experts. Its dimensions are astounding: some of its branches are five hundred feet long; it produces forty blossoms to the square foot; and there are 40,000 square feet of it. This photograph overlooks the vine, which now rests on an enormous framework of iron pipe. ■

# *The Indians' Secret Fishing Hole*

*by Patricia Spring*

*photographs by Bob and Ira Spring*

EVERYONE loves a mystery or a secret whether it is a hidden cave, lost treasure or a sunken ship, and now we share a secret with the Quillayute Indians of Lapush.

The first day we drove into the village of Lapush it was bathed in warm sunshine. James Island stood bold and clear off the mouth of the river and the blue Pacific sparkled and shone as the white line of the surf rolled up on the smooth sand. An old Indian woman sat on a porch sorting reeds for drying, and groups of bronze-colored children played in the yards or slid down a nearby bank on pieces of cardboard boxes. Under such a radiant sky even the barren unpainted houses seemed a fitting part of the rugged landscape.

Lapush is located at the mouth of the Quillayute River. The tidal lagoon behind the sand spit makes a perfect harbor for small boats. During the summer fishing season, over a hundred small fishing trollers make their headquarters here.

We set up our camp alongside the beach, and just in time, for off the ocean rolled a heavy damp fog that blanketed the village. The picturesque place now lay before us bleak and dismal, and from a distance came the mournful intermittent drone of the fog horn on James Island.

Waiting for the fog to clear, we introduced ourselves to several of the Indians. Stanley Gray, at eighty-six the oldest man in Lapush, reminisced about the early days of the village. He recalled the time he walked with his father fifty miles down the beach to witness the signing of the Indian treaty with the whites. He described the original town located atop the sheer cliffs of James Island, a natural fortress which the Quillayutes' enemies never did succeed in capturing.

*Above right: An outboard-powered canoe enters the hidden river.*

*Below right: Butch Eastman and Jim Black prepare to bake salmon.*





*An ancient treaty permits the Quillayutes to net smelt in the river→*

From Charley Sailto we learned of an early Indian "Bone Game" still played by the Quillayute people. It is a simple guessing game using two small bones, one specially marked, with a member of one team or tribe craftily shifting the bones from hand to hand while his companions chant, beat sticks and pound tom-toms. Meanwhile, the opposing team attempts to select the hand which holds the marked bone. In olden days they gambled off household effects, weapons, and even their wives, but simulated poker chips now save wear and tear.

William Penn, another old timer, described Indian methods of constructing canoes from giant cedar trees by burning out the centers and hacking away with crude tools. The canoes still look the same with the addition of outboard motors.

Charlie Howeattle, present chief of the tribe and also an ordained Indian Shaker Church minister, told us of the treaty which guaranteed them their tribal right to fish by netting smelt in the Quillayute River. During the smelt run, entire families turn out to pull in the nets and sort the fish. When we inquired about other types of fishing on the river, Charlie hinted of a better spot where white men did not go. But he would say no more.

Eager to get out on the water, we located Butch Eastman, a high school boy, who was trying out his new ten horsepower motor on a little cedar dugout. He took us for a ride upstream in his shallow racing craft which gave us a new kind of thrill as we rode along with not more than a two-inch freeboard.

Charlie Howeattle's remark about the secret fishing ground had aroused our curiosity, so we questioned Butch and with a little probing he revealed additional facts. It was a hidden river, entirely uncivilized with no roads or trails touching it and sheer cliffs making it inaccessible from the beach. The entrance to the river was narrow and guarded by jagged rocks. The only practical way to reach it was from the ocean by small boat. Having given us this picture Butch surprised us by offering to take us there on the next clear day.

True to his word, Butch and a companion showed up at breakfast time a couple of days later, and informed us that the fog had cleared sufficiently for the trip. We piled into a dug-out canoe powered by a large outboard and were soon moving

*Quillayute team plays the "bone game" with Neah Bay Indians→*





down through the mouth of the river into the swells of the Pacific. Sailing the ocean in a little cedar canoe is a sensation all its own. One minute we were riding on the crest, the next down in a hollow looking up at waves that seemed to be fairly engulfing our small craft. Never were we more than a mile from shore as we rode past hundreds of islands and jagged rock pinnacles jutting out of the water. We had many misgivings, but Butch seemed to know every rock and passageway.

We rode for an hour and a half before Butch pointed out the place where we were headed. From the ocean our destination looked no different from the miles of rocky shoreline we had just passed. There were cliffs rising out of the water over a hundred feet high, and up to a short distance of the shore we could see nothing but solid rocks. Our canoe entered what seemed to be a slight cleft in the rock, but a sharp turn to the left revealed a narrow waterway which we followed. After traveling this twisting passage for a quarter of a mile, the cliffs dropped away and the narrow strip of water widened into a pretty little bay. Into the bay flowed the secret river.

After beaching the canoe we decided to explore the river bank while Butch tried his luck fishing for salmon in the bay. The river entered a dark damp forest, and a few hundred yards upstream we came upon an old Indian camp which must have been deserted for many years. In the sand beside the river we discovered deer tracks and signs of elk.

When we returned, Butch had a fire going, and a salmon, cleaned and halved, was baking on sticks. Once a year the whole village of Lapush still gathers for a salmon bake, and this, he claimed, was the tastiest way to prepare fish. We had to agree—it was the best salmon we had ever eaten.

It was getting late in the afternoon as we packed up for the long journey home. Several miles before reaching Lapush, the fog came in so thick we couldn't see the shore. However, Butch recognized all the small islands and landmarks, and aided by the fog horn on James Island he experienced no difficulty in getting us back to the quiet harbor of Lapush.

Where is the Indians' hidden river? Perhaps Butch could be persuaded again to show the way; or possibly there are some explorers who will be challenged to search it out themselves. Others will find in Lapush itself—while delving into its ancient lore or riding in a dugout canoe—a thrilling experience. These may prefer to leave with the Indians the mystery of their last secret fishing hole.





*photograph by R. L. Trammel*

## CUSTOM CONVERSIONS

*by Burgess H. Scott*

**R.** L. TRAMMEL, a race car builder and photographer of Burbank, California, built the above four-seater from a 1941 Ford coupe. He lowered the original body nine inches and welded the fenders and deck solid with the body. The removable top is of the padded type, and when installed gives the car an over-all height of only four feet.

The engine is '41 Mercury equipped with Navarro heads, dual manifold, and Winfield cam.

Trammel's cushions are of foam rubber, upholstered with pleated plastic material. An unusual feature for this type of car is that the backs of the two front bucket seats let down to form two beds.

Although the original car is now more than twelve years old, Trammel's customizing was so extensive that the state



license office decided to register the car as a 1952 convertible.

Don K. Muth, sales manager of the Garner-Muth Motor Company, Ford dealer in San Bernardino, California, built the custom convertible shown above from a totally wrecked 1950 Ford Tudor. He built the body from the shells of a '49 club coupe and '50 convertible and used other Ford parts dating back to '36. The unusual front end is made up from 1951 Ford and Canadian Ford "Meteor" grilles.

With a Rootes type supercharger, Muth can accelerate this car to 87 mph in one-quarter mile from a standstill. (Photograph by Gene Trindl.)

Erie, Pennsylvania, a sports car-minded city, is the hometown of Ray R. Kressel who goes in for that type of car himself. However, Kressel was dissatisfied with foreign sports cars and set about making himself a roadster to suit his own ideas.

Working without blueprints or drawings of any kind,



Kressel built the car shown below. He developed this car from a 1950 Ford convertible in about three months.

The lower silhouette was obtained by removing a strip of metal five inches wide from the middle of the body all around and welding the two parts together again. The rear side windows were removed and the seat and entire front section, including the cowl, were moved back eighteen inches and welded in place. The hood was then extended eighteen inches at the back to meet the new cowl position.

The rear springs were supplemented with one and one-half extra leaves each, and aided by double action-type shock absorbers. The "X" member section of the frame was cut in half and the front portion was spread twenty and one-half inches. The radiator was then dropped five inches through the use of special supports.

The engine was moved ten inches to the rear to improve the torque, but is otherwise stock, the only mechanical refinement being a high speed rear end. The original top assembly was shortened to conform and was altered so as to collapse by hand. The body color is rose and the leather upholstery is chartreuse and white.

The car is such a success that Kressel is having another one built in the shop of Harris-Sauer, Inc., Erie Ford dealer. ■







## *My Tom Sawyer Town--*

# MANTI, UTAH

*story and paintings by Christian Jensen*

FOR YEARS our summer vacations were highlighted by at least one bike trip to Manti. Even before school was out Tom Christiansen and I would get the wander-ache. Nothing would help but straddling a bike and pedaling till our legs were too tired to move. Our favorite destination was Manti, seven miles south of our town of Ephraim, Utah, on U.S. 89. All the while we could see the Mormon Temple at Manti, ahead. To a couple of country boys who had never seen anything larger than Peterson's dairy barn, it was a skyscraper.

Just outside the town the road ran between the graveyard and the foot of Temple Hill. This was really a grade. Puffing and sweating we accomplished it, and then dismounted to rest in the shade. Sometimes we took off our shoes and dipped our feet in an irrigation ditch. The icy mountain water was like an electric shock, and soon we felt cool all over. Sometimes we were drowsy enough to take a nap. And always we talked about the stories we'd heard over and over again, of the Mormon pioneers of 1849 who had spent their first Utah winter in caves dug into the south side of that very hill:

Hardly had they established themselves when rattlesnakes began to crawl down from the cliffs above, lured by the warm fires in the caves. The first night the settlers killed three hundred of them with hoes and axes and shovels; it took three days to get rid of them all. Of course, the caves were all filled in now, and the hillside landscaped, but the magic of those early days hung around the hill like one of the low, cooling clouds that came out of Manti Canyon.

Fully rested, we walked our bikes up Temple Hill. From its summit we could see the whole Sanpete Valley, even Mt. Nebo, over thirty miles away. The town of Manti looked like a huge park, with its criss-cross of poplar-lined streets. Close up, the temple itself was even more awe-inspiring than at a

*Above left: The foot of Temple Hill  
Below left: Manti, from Temple Hill*





### ← *The house Great-Grandfather Larsen built*

distance. It was built of warm, off-white sandstone, with every stone cut to fit its special niche.

We knew its story well: how it had taken eleven years to build it, and that it was estimated to be worth one million dollars at its completion in 1888. All of the labor and much of the material was donated. Eggs laid on Sunday automatically went to the Bishop's storehouse, to be given to workers or sold to buy special materials. Some of our own relatives and neighbors had contributed. It almost seemed as if we ourselves had helped.

When the road was clear we coasted on our bikes down the steep south side of Temple Hill and rode around town. The old houses built by the pioneers out of rock or adobe were a bridge between the town's placid present and its dramatic past. Almost always we stopped in front of the one that had been Judge Peacock's, and talked about the story of his beautiful bride. It was one of our favorites, and it went like this:

Chief Walker was one of the most powerful of the Ute Indians. He had more horses, slaves and wives than any other chief. But after white settlers came he decided he wanted something more: a white wife. Bishop Lowry's blonde teenage daughter was his choice.

One day he decked himself in his best finery, with feathers, paint and beads. He wrapped his greasy black hair with copper wire, and tied tinkling bells around his legs. Surely no woman could resist such splendor! He walked into the Lowry house without knocking and began an impassioned speech. Miss Lowry was alone with her invalid grandmother, and both were much too frightened to move or talk. Chief Walker told of his great love for her, of his riches, furs, and cowhides with hair, hoofs and long horns. All would be hers. He would even forsake his ways and take those of the white man.

Miss Lowry knew that if she refused him he would wreak his vengeance on the entire settlement. Desperate, she said, "I cannot marry you; I am already a white man's squaw."

"Who?" shouted Chief Walker. "I will kill him!"

Who indeed? She had no serious suitors, yet she must choose someone powerful enough to impress the chief. Swiftly she considered all the prominent men in Manti.

"Judge Peacock!" she blurted. "I am the wife of him!"

### ← *Rock fences and New England architecture*





## ← *The Mormon Temple at Manti*

The chief furiously grabbed a knife from his belt, plunged it to the hilt in a heavy pine table, and left without a word. Miss Lowry and Judge Peacock were wed secretly that night, and fled to Salt Lake City. Brigham Young sent Chief Walker a number of fat beef cattle and some people said, "The beef poultice healed Chief Walker's heart." But not everybody thought so. He died a short time later, and romanticists said it was from a broken heart.

When long shadows spanned the streets we knew we should be heading home. I remember once when our departure was more precipitous than usual. Reluctant to end the day's adventures we had paused beside our bikes looking northward over the valley. Our reverie was interrupted by half a dozen boys shouting at us from across the street.

"Say, ain't you guys from Ephraim?"

"Sure!" answered Tom, positively and proudly.

Somehow I wished he hadn't been so definite about it, for a long-standing feud existed between our two towns. I looked at the six who were coming across the street and even the puniest seemed able to wipe up the dirt with us. Knowing Tom, I wouldn't have been surprised if he had taken on all six of them at once. But he had a better idea.

"Get on your bike and ride right toward them!" he whispered.

We mounted fast and pedaled for all we were worth. The surprised gang scattered and we were soon heading down Main Street a good forty miles an hour, followed by derisive shouts concerning our ancestry. Tom answered with equal vituperation, but I saved every bit of wind I had to keep that bicycle moving.

Once safely away we began building up our crushed egos by specifying what we would have done to those boys if they had started anything. The closer we got to Ephraim the less chance they had. Tom got so excited he was all for turning back, but I persuaded him that in this case theory was better than practice.

However, some of our ideas were too good to leave unsaid when we recounted the day's adventures to our friends. When they would no longer listen we began planning another bike trip—preferably to Manti. ■

## ← *Encounter with Manti boys*





## Monarchs in the Pines

*by Catherine Christopher*

*photograph by Art Riley*

NATURE has provided some of her creatures with uncanny ability to wander far from home and then return—as witness the flights of hummingbirds across the Gulf of Mexico, the return of salmon to the river of their birth, and the swimming of caribou toward Arctic islands they can't even see—but the Monarch butterfly of the Pacific Coast is a match for any of them.

A logical beginning of the story is in the picture on the opposite page—Monarchs clinging like so many flowers or colored leaves to branches of pine trees at Pacific Grove, on the Monterey Peninsula of California. They will stay all winter and when spring comes will head for any number of places, including Alaska. At the end of the journey they will lay their eggs and then die. The amazing thing is that the new butterflies will start out in the autumn months and go to the very same tree their parents clung to the year before.

Not much is known about their flight patterns but it has been observed that they can travel for days on end without stopping. Once when a forest fire was in their way as they headed for California, they were seen to gain altitude and fly safely over it rather than deviate from a straight line.

Pacific Grove is proud of being honored by these millions of copper-red insects. The community has passed what is probably the only ordinance in the world protecting butterflies. Those who molest the Monarchs are liable to a heavy fine and a jail sentence.

The Monarchs have been coming to Pacific Grove for at least eighty years—probably longer. They arrive any time from October through November, depending on the severity of the forthcoming winter, but always at about four in the afternoon. The arrival is marked by a butterfly parade held by the Pacific Grove school children.



## *Louisiana Frog Hunt*

*by William B. Rainey*

*paintings by John Donnels*

THE HOUSE sits a half mile back from the highway that runs eastward from New Iberia to New Orleans. It is an old house, part of it having been built before the Civil War; but the sounds that came up to us from the bayou were older than the house; these sounds had throbbled through the warm summer nights before mankind learned to walk upright.

"The frogs are courting," Will Beauchamp said.

The sounds came to us in a great rumbling chorus: the shrill notes of the peepers, the treefrogs that do not sound like frogs at all but like birds, the pickerel frogs that sound like a fat man snoring. Biologists say there are approximately two thousand kinds of frogs and it seemed as if all of them were calling this night from the Bayou Perdu.



Through it all came the deep tuba-like notes of the patriarch of all frogs, the bullfrog. "Some of those boys," Will Beauchamp said, "will run over three pounds. You like froglegs?"

"At two dollars and forty cents a pound, how would I remember?"

"New York prices," Will said. "Here we gig our own." He looked toward the quarter moon now low in the live oaks. "When that's down we'll get some, but you can't spot them in moonlight."

The moon set. Will brought the gigs, long light spears with five pronged heads, and a couple of lights that we strapped to our foreheads like miners' lights. We went across the wide lawn to the boat. We could smell the tea olive blooming.

Will paddled the boat without sound. My headlight cut a bright tunnel through the dark; it flattened and skidded over the surface of the water. In it the lily pads were black circles; the grass stood above the water like small spears.

Not twenty feet away a bullfrog bellowed. His voice seemed to come from the bottom of the bayou. "Gig him," Will said.

"I don't see him."

"He's right in your light."

It took me awhile to learn to see them. They float with the eyes and part of the head above water. The bulging eyes, caught in the glare of the light, glow pinkish-red. When the frog dives his eyes retract into the back of his head like the wheels of an airplane folding into the fuselage and he swims blind. But on the surface, as long as your light centers squarely on him he will sit motionless, apparently hypnotized. If the light shakes or moves for an instant he may be gone. But even when motionless he is difficult to hit, the light and the water making the judgment of distance tricky.

The frogs were booming on every side of us now. It is the love song and only the males sing. In the next hour I tried for fifty frogs, and got two dozen that averaged almost two pounds each, the largest having legs ten inches long. "Bayou chicken," Will Beauchamp calls them, and they taste like chicken, only better.

"Enough?" Will asked.

"Plenty."

We turned back. I lifted my headlight to the far bank and saw a coon at the water's edge. It held a fish in its paws as a child might hold it and for three seconds it stood looking into

the light. Then it turned and was gone.

It was a moment later I saw this last frog. All night Will had pointed out the big and little ones to me, telling by the size of their eyes. But even I could tell this was a big one. I lifted the gig.

"Wait!" Will said. "That's not—"

I jabbed. And the gig went crazy as I tried to pull it back. It lashed about. I swung it up, tilting my head so the light of the flash followed the barbs.

Impaled on them was a water moccasin. Swaying in the glare of the flash, almost directly above me, it looked monstrous. It writhed. Then, somehow, it came free of the gig and fell past my face into the boat at my feet. It was one of those most embarrassing moments you read about.

I think I planned to leave the boat to the snake and go home some other way. But Will moved before I could. With his paddle he flipped the snake back into the water. Then, looking at me, he began to laugh. "You know," he said, "you are the only man I ever saw whose skin looked greener than one of these frogs."

■





*photograph by R. S. Johnson*

## They Try to Freeze Fords

**T**HE CAR pictured above is in one of three cold rooms operated by the Vehicle Testing Department of Ford's Dearborn Engineering Laboratory. The temperature of these rooms can be lowered to 60 degrees below zero if necessary to test a vehicle's ability to start and otherwise function in such weather. Generally the testing and experimenting is done at about 20 below. Not every Ford car is tested in these rooms, but findings from many experiments are reflected in better starting, heating, defrosting, and all-around cold weather performance. The goal of the cold room personnel is to see that the car operates as well at 20 degrees below zero as at 70 degrees above. The cold-producing machinery used could turn out 600 tons of block ice daily.





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## The Washington Monument

*photograph by Stewart Love*

WHEN the season of the cherry blossom and the senior class trip arrives, Washington, D. C., rises to the peak of its importance as one of the major tourist attractions in the U. S.

Among the sights that will attract the attention of nearly every one of the thousands of visitors will be the two structures that, because of their height, dominate the Washington architectural scene—the dome of the Capitol and the world-famous obelisk that is shown on the opposite page, the Washington Monument.

The honor which this 550-foot shaft pays to the first President of the U. S. is shown not only in the beautiful, stark simplicity of the design, but in the hundred and eighty-eight carved stones inserted in the interior walls—gifts of cities, societies, individuals and foreign nations. They include stones from the Parthenon, from the ruins of Carthage, from the tomb of Napoleon at St. Helena and from the forty-eight states.

Agreement on how to honor the memory of George Washington was not easily arrived at. A monument was first considered in 1783 by the Continental Congress but nothing was done until fifty years later when a group of influential citizens banded together to do the work that Congress had failed to do.

The cornerstone was laid in 1848, but six years later, when the Monument was 153 feet high, a quarrel over it developed and work was halted. The Civil War added to the difficulties, and it wasn't until 1876 that work was resumed. The dedication took place in 1885.

A steam elevator used to hoist visitors to the top, but in 1900 an electric elevator was installed. Today's elevator makes the trip in seventy seconds, a fact that does not impress the many high school seniors who prefer trying to run up all the 898 steps.

# *The Singing Slugger*

by Wyatt Blassingame

paintings by Charles Culver

IT is difficult to tell one mockingbird from another, even by sex, but I became acquainted with The Slugger as a personality because he would sit on the feedbox in the early mornings and shout, "Gertie! Gertie! Gertie!" This is my wife's name and The Slugger did not sing it: he shouted it, as if he wanted his breakfast and he wanted it now—which is typical of the mockingbird's temperament.

The mocker, once confined to the section of you-all and black-eyed peas, has now spread throughout the United States. He can be found, literally, from Maine to California, but his personal habits are still little known. Most persons think of him as all sweetness and light: one great burst of song. And there is little doubt that he is the greatest of all feathered songsters. He is also, ounce for ounce, one of the most ornery, pugnacious, and domineering critters that ever lived.

Take The Slugger for instance. He ruled the local birds with an iron beak. When he wanted a place on the telephone wire, they gave him room. When he came to the feedbox he wanted—and had—it to himself.

He was not only tough, he was vulgar. He made a habit of







sitting on the feedbox not to eat but simply to keep the other birds away. With half a hundred redwings respectfully waiting, a towhee flitting back and forth on the ground below, The Slugger would sit sometimes for an hour, his head cocked to one side, leering at them. Finally, bored, he would flip around so that his tail was over the feeding board, make one final and absolute gesture of contempt, and fly away.

But The Slugger did not confine his abuses to other birds.

More than once I saw him attack my neighbor's pointer, riding it like a feathered cowboy and pecking it between the ears until it howled. He made a regular game of dive-bombing my cat, pecking it on the back of the head, then whirling up out of reach when the cat turned in fury. Once I saw him attack a three-foot coachwhip, appearing from out of nowhere, and plunging downward so fast I expected him to stick in the ground up to his tailfeathers. He lashed at the snake's head, spun upward, then down again, striking with his beak until his victim fled under the house.

During the winter The Slugger, like all mockingbirds, lived alone and was morosely silent. In late February he began to sing, a bit tentatively at first. It is only the male that sings, and ornithologists are inclined to believe this is part of the mating impulse. If so, The Slugger and his brothers are the Casanovas of the bird world. By April he was singing all day, and by May the days weren't long enough. The moon, a streetlight, a brightly lighted window, would start him off.

Then one day I saw him and a companion jitterbugging. They faced one another at a distance of about a foot across a bare patch of earth. The Slugger pranced two steps to the right, his wings held out from his body, his tail spread. The other followed. The Slugger danced three steps to the left. Back and forth they went, always parallel to some invisible line.

I took this to be a kind of mating dance, and there are ornithologists who agree. Since only another mockingbird can distinguish the male from the female with the naked eye, I could not be sure of the sex of The Slugger's dancing partner. But some ornithologists say the mocker's dance is an argument between two males over an invisible property line.

Whatever the purpose of the dance, it broke up when a third mocker appeared and The Slugger, reverting to type, turned on it in fury. In five minutes he was back, and I am positive that his companion this time was a female. The nest was built in a buttonwood tree and The Slugger became an amazingly devoted parent. He helped feed two broods of young ones; he jumped every cat, dog, bird, or human in his area; and he sang happily the whole time.

There are still a few bird watchers who doubt the mockingbird's ability to mock. This is despite the fact that the Massachusetts Institute of Technology has made a tape recording of one mocker's song in which the songs of thirty different kinds of birds are recognizable, along with imitations of the



croaking of tree frogs. Personally I have no doubts on the question. For a while I made a practice of whistling my fraternity whistle—a poor imitation of the whippoorwill's call—at The Slugger. He stood it for awhile. Then one day he whistled back at me: first the cry as I imitated it; then, carefully, the whippoorwill's call as the whippoorwill did it.

So the summer wore on and I began to think that married life had softened the old boy up a bit. But in the fall I saw a buzzard coming low along the beach with two mockingbirds after it. They took turns hovering between the buzzard's wings, pecking it on the head as it flew.

The buzzard turned wearily inland and lit on a palmetto-roofed shelter. One of the mockers rested in the buttonwood where The Slugger's nest had been, while the other continued the attack. After five raids this mockingbird took a breather and the one who had been resting resumed the assault.

It was The Slugger, coaching one of his sons. ■



## Desert Color

*photographs by Josef Muench*

FOR an eighteenth-century public, Thomas Gray's sentiments were apt indeed. "Full many a flower is born to blush unseen," he mourned, "and waste its sweetness on the desert air." But these days, when spring rains turn vast acreages of our southwestern deserts from drabness into brilliance, carloads of tourists are likely to be there to see the show.

One of the most vivid performers is the sand verbena, one of the four-o'clock family, which transforms the dull desert soil into a rosy-purple Axminster. The picture at upper right was taken in southwestern Arizona, on the Parker-Davis Dam road.

This miracle of blooming doesn't happen every spring, however. Desert flowers do not appear unless rain has fallen in sufficient volume at the right time; in fact, the plant seeds won't germinate unless the ground is damp enough to assure them a chance to mature and produce the seeds that will assure a future crop. Thus does nature guard against extinction of a species. Several successive years of drought may produce only an occasional, ultra-hardy flower; yet when rains finally come, plants spring up everywhere and blossoms follow. The seeds were there all the time, waiting for a chance to grow. A homespun philosopher could make something of that.

For the traveler with an eye for color, there's beauty in the desert any time, flowers or no flowers. Josef Muench corralled an outstanding bit of it in the photograph at lower right, of the Painted Canyon in the Coachella Valley of southeastern California. The canyon is a narrow corridor in the Cottonwood Mountains, about seven miles northeast of Mecca on an unimproved road. Smoke trees dot the dry wash which serves for road, and the rocky walls are streaked in reds, purples, browns, ochres, and grays, darkened and lightened by shadows that shift with the sun.





# Chair Car on the Current

by Robert Hodesh

photographs by John Calkins

NEVER let them tell you that the only way to have fun when you live out-of-doors is to chop your own wood, cook your own food, wash your own dishes and sleep on the ground. In my opinion, physical exertion is the enemy of truth and beauty, and one way to avoid it, which I recommend highly to anyone with an uncontrollable urge to get into the woods, is to hire an outfit like the Bales Boating Company of Eminence, Missouri. They'll provide you with beds, chairs, tables and all the comforts of home, and they'll send guides along to pitch the tent, prepare the meals, steer the boats and clean the fish. And if you are good and lazy, the guides will even bait your hook and cast it.

It was that kind of trip—an Ozarkian form of organized indolence known as float fishing. There were three of us—Bill Moss, the artist, John Calkins, the photographer, and myself and our three guides—and for nearly a week we floated down Current River, living the life of Reilly.

The night we got to camp, the guides heard us coming and had huge steaks on and the coffee poured out. The scene smelled as pretty as it looked: two tents facing the river—one for us, one for the guides—a fire flickering between two sycamore logs and a Coleman lantern braying at the dark from the top of a pole. We flopped into bed soon after and fell asleep while the river giggled away at our feet.

In the morning a pair of whippoorwills sawed us awake. The guides, Flynn Powell, Frank Stevens, and Alva Bunch, were already up. We had breakfast while the ghost of a sun burned its way through a pearl-gray mist.

Before we shoved off, there was a look at Pulltight Spring,

*Above right: You can't beat an Ozark bass for showing off near a camera.*

*Below right: Springs like this—Blue Spring—help create Current River.*





*Muscling a "chair car" through rough water—while tourist rests→*

one of several springs that create the Current. This one, named after a Mr. Pulltight who used to own the land, came from a tapestry setting of thick foliage and mossy rock at the base of a cliff. It makes a wide brook crammed with fresh watercress of the same satisfying green as the backs of new dollar bills.

The bait was ready, the coke pails were full of ice and we were in the stream. Bill and John were whipping plugs, flies and minnows into the quiet water beneath the willows, the kingfishers and swallows were darting around, the sun had cleared the mist, and the forests of walnuts and sycamores slipped slowly past us. It was the same day after day. Sometimes cliffs would rise up and squeeze the stream frantic and we would rush through the canyon. Then it would let out with a sigh amidst river-edge meadows and again we'd float slowly.

What was the fishing like? Fair. There were several reasons why it wasn't terrific that week. Frank said the water was too clear. To me it looked clear enough to sell for a dollar a gallon.

Flynn called to Doc Rollins, pole fishing on the bank.

"Catchin' any?"

"Naw, they're still a-beddin'. Got three Sat'd'y. Plumb full o' eggs."

It was all right with me. I'm not a fisherman. I wouldn't know a carp from a catfish at high noon. There were other diversions along the Current, like the time the conservation man joined us to help spell out some of the lore. Half an hour later a shot rang out and his ears went up like a terrier's. Around the bend two pretty city girls had pitched a tent. One of them sat on a rock with a .22.

"Hunting?" the warden asked.

"Frogs," she said. "They kept us awake all night, but I'm getting even." She showed a dozen on the rock beside her. "Frog's legs for supper," she added.

The warden had that sad two-weeks-before-frog-season look as he moved his boat to shore and took out a pad. Then he scooped the frogs into a gunny sack and told the girls when and where to appear in court. They looked as if they'd been sentenced to life.

There is a god who watches over innocent poachers. He showed up two miles down in the form of a violent riffle. The warden's boat went over, he swam ashore and the pad and

*Before we reached the gravel bar, table was set and food was on→*





*There's one strict rule—you must hold your own casting rod→*

gunny sack disappeared permanently from view. Next Monday the case was dismissed for lack of evidence.

On we floated. Pulltight, Troublesome Hollow, Bee Bluff Bar, Powder Mill Bar, Cynthia's Bar—prettier names and prettier places than most maps show. The forest along the Current is thick, but its floor is clean, and sunlight filters down amidst the leaves with a touch of melancholy. Now and then you see a bit of broken herringbone rail fence. Scenes like that make an impression on a man.

One night we asked for Ozark music, so after supper Frank went up to a riverside farm and came back with Walt Knuckles, Walt's son Wilbur and his nephew Jerry Hibner. Walt brought a fiddle and guitar.

"I'm aimin' to mock Jimmy Dickinson," Jerry said, and he sang for us while Walt plucked some tunes of the region. Flynn and Alva took turns fiddling, and it was quite a sight to see these guides, strong men, resourceful, capable, each tuck a fiddle under his chin and play the plaintive old melodies. There was a quiet breeze that sent our tobacco smoke drifting over the water, and up above us was half a moon, sharp as tin.

Flynn, who had guided on the river for twenty years and knew every person and acre along the way, did a good deal of the talking. Politics: "Republican came through here once. B'God, we shot 'im." Lies: "My granddad had a mule that'd eat chicken—all except the gizzard." History: "The Civil War was fought between the Democrats and the other guys." Famous local people: "Uncle Marion Freeman. He once got held up by Jesse James."

It was a dream of a trip. In nearly a week we didn't see more than a dozen people. Some of them could reach roads only by using their own private ferries. We saw caves in cliffs where moonshine used to be made. We saw foxes near the river edge. One day we saw a power line, two thin strands on new-looking poles in the outskirts of Van Buren and we knew the trip was coming to an end. Some floats have lasted a month, going clean down to Arkansas. But write to Mrs. Walter Bales in Eminence and she'll tell you all about it.

At home, a week later, we could still hear the whippoorwills, and taste a bass that had been swimming beneath a bluff half an hour before, and see the river sliding by. ■

*Ozark mountain music: Walt on guitar and Alva on fiddle→*





## MYAKKA RIVER STATE PARK—

# *Florida's Vest Pocket Jungle*

*by Jackson Rivers*

*paintings by Wilmer S. Richter*

SIXTEEN miles east of Sarasota, on Florida Highway 72, a neat, brown sign at the gateway on the left marks the entrance to Myakka River State Park.

Largest and best developed of Florida's twenty-six state parks, Myakka River's 27,000 acres offer the visitor a serene, convincing, and carefully preserved sample of jungle.

Myakka, obviously, was laid out by someone with a love of the natural tropical scene. As you leave the entrance area, with its orderly picnic grounds, museum and refreshment stand, you are struck by the jungle stillness.

The sand roads are soft and silent underwheel. Brilliant green water oaks and the moss-veiled live oaks are on either side. Beyond, against the sky, you see the hammocks, or islands, of tall palms.

The road winds north and west. You cross the Myakka River, and along its shores you see countless waterbirds—white and blue herons, flamingoes, doves. A cardinal flashes red through the trees.

There are many turnouts where you can park and watch

*Above right: Much of the time one can travel anywhere by boat.  
Below right: Most of the wild creatures are unafraid of visitors.*





for deer and wild turkey. There are tempting foot trails. And every now and then a savannah opens up to give you a deep view into jungle.

A savannah is a flat, open, grass-grown plain. In Myakka River State Park, they vary in size from a few acres to half a mile or more across.

These grassy oases in the tropical forest remind you of pictures of the African veldt, and they are fine places to watch for game.

For recreation, the park offers excellent bream, perch, and bass fishing in both the river and the lakes. The fishing varies as it does anywhere, but the park rangers are extremely co-operative and helpful in reporting fishing conditions and prospects anywhere in the park. Hunting is barred, since all Florida state parks are game preserves.

Myakka is particularly noted for its birdlife. Besides a large variety of native birds, its sanctuary attracts countless migratory waterfowl in season. Due to the seasonal nature of the waterfowl population, the park authorities should be consulted by those wishing to observe the birds at their highest point of concentration.

But at almost any time, there are enough birds to make the northern tourist think it's midsummer. And the park is open the year around.

The Park's five cabins blend pleasingly with the scenery. They are built of palm logs, and are completely furnished for housekeeping except for bed and bath linens. The cabins accommodate four persons, and rent for \$20 a week, or \$3.50 a day. They are located by trails leading from the main road through the shading palms and palmettos, each cabin with its own parking space just off the road.

The cabins are secluded. Each has its own individuality and a situation within sight and easy access of the slow-moving, darkly-enchanted river.

The park planning has taken into careful consideration the relationship between land and water. Thus it is a point of added charm that the road is in almost constant view of the river and lakes—and thus it is possible to go almost anywhere in the park by boat and be able to reach the road easily. There are no trailer facilities, but tent and trailer camping is permitted in camping areas, or as directed by the park's superintending ranger.

Cooking may be done in the various picnic areas, and



charcoal and wood are available for a small fee. Boats can be rented by the hour or day. The use of small outboard motors is permitted.

We visited Myakka River State Park at the approximate height of the Florida tourist season. Yet we saw no crowds, and heard no sounds of them. In all the 27,000 acres, the fifty-odd visitors were so widely dispersed that we enjoyed a sense of complete privacy.

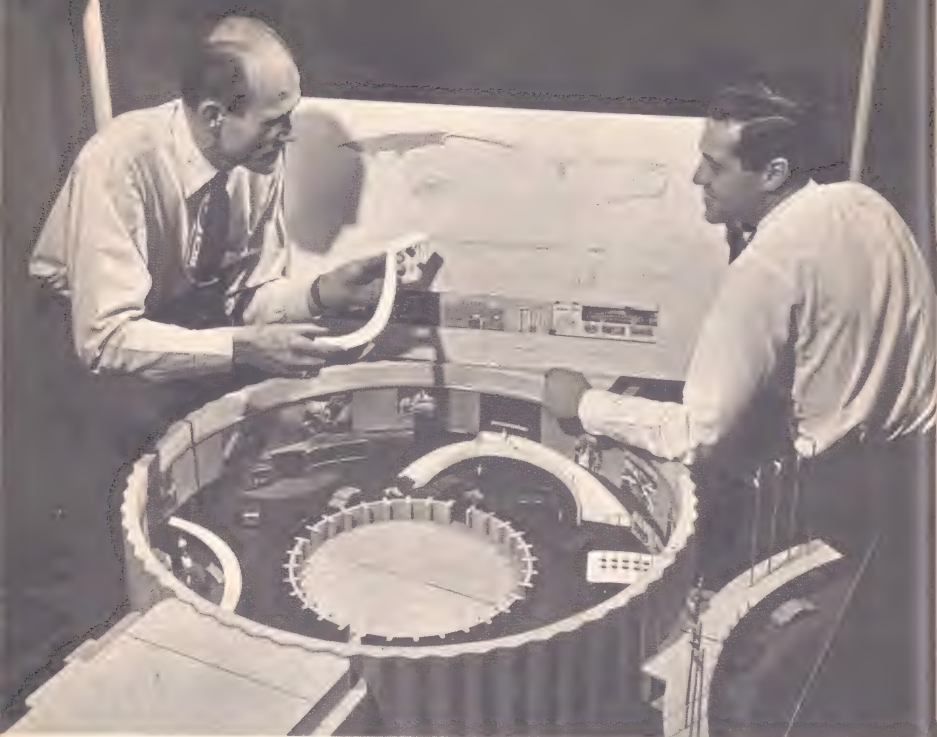
The people we saw were doing one of two things with great absorption—fishing or watching birds through binoculars. A few families were tenting quietly under the palms at Myakka Lake, and were obviously enjoying it.

The Park Rangers at Myakka River take a justifiable pride in their park, and are generous with their time and advice. Quite clearly they like their handiwork—and so did we! For twenty-five cents we bought a day in a jungle, and the impression of stillness, beauty, and wild birds and animals is still with us.

Take Florida Highway 72—east from Sarasota. ■

*At evening the birds make a last flight before settling for the night on the waters of Myakka River State Park.*





*photographs by Edgar H. Carlson*

## Rotunda Prepares for Anniversary

**M**ORE than five million persons visited displays in the Ford Rotunda in Dearborn before its floor space was converted to offices early in the last war. Now a remodeling is under way that will reconvert the massive gear-shaped building into a permanent exhibit and headquarters for the company's fiftieth anniversary celebration, to be observed throughout the coming summer.

The renovation is so extensive

that little more than the walls of the original building will remain after work is completed. The theme of the new Rotunda will be the progressive research and engineering in progress at Ford Motor Company, told through the media of sculpture, murals, dioramas, movies, and intricate animated displays.

A scale model of the Rotunda which was an early step in the planning is shown above with

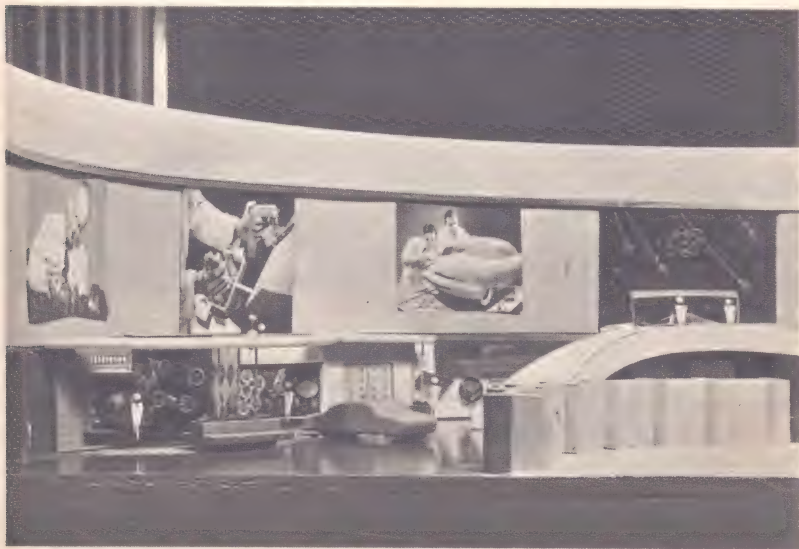


Harley Melzian, left, chief designer, and W. B. Ford of the W. B. Ford Design Corporation, designers of the new interior. The smaller circle inside the model is the Rotunda's inner court which formerly contained the large globe remembered by many company visitors. One of the larger animated displays will be located in this space.

The exhibits are divided into four groups, all with emphasis on the company's thorough and constant research into all fields of manufacturing. One group deals with the company's continuing search for new and better materials. Modern manufacturing techniques are another subject, while exhibits of cars of today and tomorrow will illustrate advances

in product engineering and styling. The final display will represent the effect of the preceding endeavors, revealing how the automotive industry brings about better job opportunities and improved living conditions. This latter display is to be in the form of a miniature city of the future, completely animated. A ramp that will lead visitors up for a view of the model city can be seen in the photograph, below, of one segment of the new interior.

Thus, the building that was a major attraction in 1933-34 at Chicago's "Century of Progress" exposition will soon be devoted full time once more to the public presentation of informative displays.







LINDSBORG, KANSAS—

## *Town of Art and Song*

*by Robert J. Nelson*

*paintings by Birger Sandzén*

THERE used to be a theory in the U.S. that if you were looking for culture and wanted to be sure of finding it you would hunt at either seacoast, preferably the eastern. I say "used to be" because I know about Lindsborg, which is out in Kansas but is almost a province of Sweden. Though a small farm town, its influence on the cultural life of the state belies its size.

Music and art, the warp and woof of its virile rural culture, are responsible for the town's unique role. Their source is Bethany College, a small Lutheran school which has approximately half of its thirty-two faculty members teaching music and art, while forty percent of its students major in these subjects.

Each Holy Week for the past seventy-one years, the college's oratorio society has presented Handel's "Messiah." Its rendition has won acclaim from Stockholm to San Francisco.

Lindsborg's "Messiah" is a stirring blend of sacred music, religious significance, and historical tradition handed down from the simple Swedish settlers who traveled many prairie miles by buggy and sleigh to attend rehearsals.

It is the culmination of the music which is so much a part of Lindsborg's daily life. All year long, the people of the area

*Above left: The Church of the Pioneers*

*Below left: Hillside farm in Lindsborg*



### *Wild Horse Creek*

listen with appreciative and critical ear to nationally-known guest artists, to student recitals, to college and church choirs. From farms and surrounding communities they send their children for music lessons. They scan their newspapers during late winter for the announcement of the first "Messiah" rehearsal, and crowd into Bethany's Presser Hall during Easter Week when the mighty "Hallelujah!" beckons modern-day pilgrims from all over the United States.

Rev. Olof Olsson, who led a band of Swedish immigrants from the province of Värmland to settle Lindsborg in the 1860's, planted the Kansas "Messiah" seed when he transmitted his enthusiasm for the oratorio to Dr. Carl Swensson, founder of Bethany College. On March 28, 1882, Swensson and his wife gathered about them fifty or sixty residents of the community and sang Lindsborg's first "Messiah."

Today the chorus has grown to five hundred, but it is still made up of the farmer, banker, hardware merchant, teacher,



student, and others from the region. Its alumni number four thousand. Some families can count three generations who have joined in singing of God's redemption of man.

"The Messiah" is sung each Palm Sunday and Easter Sunday. On Good Friday the society sings Bach's "Passion According to St. Matthew." The performances always draw a full house of twenty-five hundred. An average year may find persons attending from half the states in the Union. These visitors, as they approach the town, can find symbolism in the contrast of grain mill with church spire and campus outline in Lindsborg's skyline.

Lindsborg's musical reputation has drawn many top artists to the town. Mme. Galli-Curci has performed there. So also have Nordica, Gadski, Sembrich, Marjorie Lawrence, Erna Rubinstein, Albert Spalding, Ysaÿe, Dusolina Giannini, and Richard Crooks. Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink said: "America has only one Lindsborg; I want to have a part in it," and sang a benefit concert in the town.

They say that as long as there's one Swede left in Lindsborg there will be music. One year the chorus was returning after giving a concert in Oklahoma City. You'd suppose that all the musical talent in town was on the train, but when it pulled into the station music was heard. A group of young trombonists and drummers had joined together to improvise a welcoming band.

And music will probably always remain in Lindsborg. For almost any Lindsborg home contains, besides the Bible and a Sandzén painting, some musical instrument.

The artist whose work is so highly prized by the art-minded Lindsborg families is Birger Sandzén, professor emeritus at Bethany and an internationally-known painter. Now past eighty, the native-born Swede, who found wild beauty and burning color in Kansas landscapes, is dean of Lindsborg's art colony—and of all Kansas painters. (If you count only the professionals, the art colony numbers almost twenty. If you count the practicing students and the businessmen and housewives who paint, carve, work in silver, or weave as a hobby, the total is far greater.)

Sandzén was once knighted by King Gustav of Sweden, an honor which came also to another Lindsborg personage, Dr. Hagbard Brase, conductor of "The Messiah" from 1915 through 1945. Dr. Emory Lindquist, president of Bethany College, has been made a Knight of the Royal Order of the





## ← *Mill on the Smoky*

North Star by the King of Sweden.

Sandzén's home and studio, like most of Lindsborg's frame or native limestone houses, is plain but full of works of art. In the yard is a bronze fountain by the sculptor Carl Milles, and three old Japanese bronzes, and inside are etchings by Anders Zorn, Stockholm master under whom Sandzén studied.

Another noted Lindsborg artist is Lester Raymer. He and his wife live and work in their studio, "The Red Barn," one of the town's chief attractions. Anton Pearson, woodcarver, who says he talks to his figures as he cuts them, claims he came over from Sweden because "all the newspapers were filled with stories about Lindsborg." Charles Rogers, head of Bethany's art department, is Bethany-trained. Signe Larson is noted for her religious paintings. Sandzén's daughter, Margaret Sandzén Greenough, is best known for her portraits.

When Lindsborg's art-minded gather to talk, it is as likely to be in a paint store or a cafe which has local artists' works on its walls, like an artist's studio or in "The Swedish Art Pavilion" on the campus.

Local art shows, traveling exhibitions, and workshop classes keep alive Lindsborg's interest in canvas, woodcut and all kinds of craftwork. For its participants and patrons of these activities, it draws also on surrounding towns like the tiny Swedish communities of Smolan, Falun, or Assaria.

So, with its art and its music, Lindsborg molds its community and reaches beyond. Dr. Lindquist estimates that each year, from its three hundred students, Bethany sends fifty teachers into the schools of the state.

Though young people of all nationalities now attend Bethany, the town remains predominantly Swedish-American. With its population now exceeding two thousand, it remains a small, peaceful town. Its role in Kansas life rests not lightly but easily and proudly on its shoulders. Its citizens live serenely in the Smoky Hill Valley, once venerated by the Indians. They trade with the wheat farmers, neighbor over King Oscar, a locally famous brand of coffee, and enjoy art and music every day. Small town life, in Lindsborg, is rich and rewarding.

Someone once called Lindsborg the Paris of Kansas.

Well, it isn't quite that gay, but it has definitely succeeded in bringing culture to earthy Kansas. ■

## ← *Coronado Heights*





# *Favorite Recipes of Famous Taverns*

## *White Hart Inn, Connecticut*

### **Curried Chicken**

4 cups cold chicken, diced  
1 quart strong chicken broth  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  pound butter  
1 teaspoon salt  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon pepper  
2 tablespoons flour  
1 teaspoon curry powder

Boil chicken broth with salt, pepper, butter and curry powder for a few minutes. (Mix the curry powder in a little cold water until smooth, before adding.) Add diced chicken to hot broth. Thicken flour to a smooth paste in cold water, then slowly blend into broth. Cook a few minutes longer and serve hot.

Since 1867, White Hart Inn, located on the green in Salisbury, has been one of the lovely small inns of New England. At one time the inn was owned by Edsel Ford who completely refurnished and redecorated it. It is open for year-round vacations. Breakfast, lunch and dinner served every day.

←painting of White Hart Inn by Sascha Maurer

←painting of Peter Pan Inn by Katherine Grace

## *Peter Pan Inn, Maryland*

### **Corn Fritters**

1 cup flour, sifted  
 $1\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoons baking powder  
1 tablespoon sugar  
1 scant teaspoon salt  
1 egg  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup milk  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup whole kernel corn, canned  
Deep fat, for frying

Resift flour, baking powder, sugar and salt together. Add egg, milk and corn and stir until well blended. Bring deep fat to 350° and then drop batter into fat by the teaspoonful. Fry until golden brown, turning once to cook evenly. Drain fritters on paper. Place on serving platter and

sprinkle with confectioner's sugar  
Makes about 16 fritters.

Seven miles south of Frederick on U. S. 240 at Urbana, this inn is noted for its country dinners. Its aim is to "give you food as it was served years ago in Maryland." It is open for dinner from noon to 8:00 p.m. weekdays; from noon to 7:00 p.m. Sundays. Closed December 1 to April 1.





## *New Salem Lodge, Illinois*

### **Fruit Ice Box Cake**

- 2 cups milk
- 1 pound marshmallows
- 1 cup whipping cream
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 1 No. 2 can pineapple tidbits, drained
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup nutmeats, chopped
- 2 cups graham cracker crumbs

Bring milk to boil in a double boiler. Add marshmallows to milk, stir until melted. Let cool. Whip cream, flavor it with vanilla, then fold into marshmallow mixture. Add pineapple and nutmeats. Sprinkle an oblong dish with graham cracker crumbs, then pour mixture over it. Top with another layer of crumbs. Chill overnight. It may be served plain or topped with whipped cream. Serves 12.

The New Salem Lodge, located at the entrance to New Salem State Park, was erected in 1952 by Mr. and Mrs. Ira Owen, for the convenience of visitors who come to visit the town where Abraham Lincoln lived. Open for lunch and dinner daily. Closed December 1 to March 15. On State Highway 97 at Petersburg. Overnight accommodations.

←painting of New Salem Lodge by Lillian Scalzo

←painting of Hanley's by Marion Terry.

## *Hanley's Waterfront Restaurant, Florida*

### **Hanley's Shrimp Delight**

- 1 dozen shrimp
- $\frac{1}{3}$  cup crab meat, shredded
- $\frac{3}{4}$  cup cracker crumbs
- Parmesan cheese
- Concentrated garlic
- Butter
- Lemon or lime slices

Cook shrimp and break into small pieces. (Three or four pieces per shrimp.) Mix in crabmeat. Place in individual baking shells or casseroles, cover with cracker crumbs. Sprinkle with cheese and saturate with concentrated garlic. Top with a dab of butter. Place under broiler to brown. Garnish

with lemon or lime. Makes four servings.

Set in the heart of the Florida Keys, half-way between Miami and Key West, Hanley's, in Marathon, is a center for fishermen. Lunch and dinner served until 11:00 p.m. Overnight accommodations; reservations necessary during the winter season.





## *Zietz Buckhorn Exchange Restaurant, Colorado*

### **Zietz Famous Bean Soup**

2 quarts cooked navy beans  
2 cups cooked ham, diced  
1 small onion, minced  
Salt and pepper, to taste

Cook beans and ham separately. Add minced onion while ham is cooking. Then add ham and liquor to beans and broth and return to stove for about 15 minutes of simmering. Season. (Navy beans must be used in this recipe.) Serves 6-8 hearty portions. You can make a complete meal of this nourishing soup.

The atmosphere of this interesting dining spot has remained practically unchanged since it was founded in 1873 by the late Henry Zietz, an old time Indian scout and protégé of Buffalo Bill Cody. It is open for lunch and dinner every day, except Sunday. Reservations necessary. It's at 1000 Osage Street in Denver.

←painting of Zietz Restaurant by Otto Kuhler.

←painting of Babbling Brook by Galen Muttersbach

## *Babbling Brook, California*

### **Chicken and Dumplings**

Take one fat hen and cook whole or disjointed in one and a half quarts of water seasoned with salt. Cook for about three hours. When tender lift out of broth and cool. Pick meat from bones and cut in small pieces. Thicken broth with 7 tablespoons flour and  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup water. Mix smooth with egg beater. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Add a few drops of yellow food coloring. Strain over chicken. Reserve 4 cups of gravy in a flat stew pan for dumplings.

### **Dumplings**

1 egg  
 $\frac{2}{3}$  cup milk  
1 tablespoon oil or melted shortening  
 $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups flour  
 $\frac{2}{3}$  teaspoon salt  
4 level teaspoons baking powder

Sift dry ingredients into liquid and stir briskly until blended. Drop dumpling batter by teaspoonsful into boiling gravy. Cover and cook gently for 8-10 minutes or until done. (A few drops of yellow coloring may be added to the dumplings.)

Lunch is served from noon to 2:00 p.m. and dinner from 5:00 p.m. to 8:00 p.m. every day except Sundays. Open February 1 to December 1. In Santa Cruz, the location is 1025 Laurel Street.

# GAME SECTION

## *What Is It?*

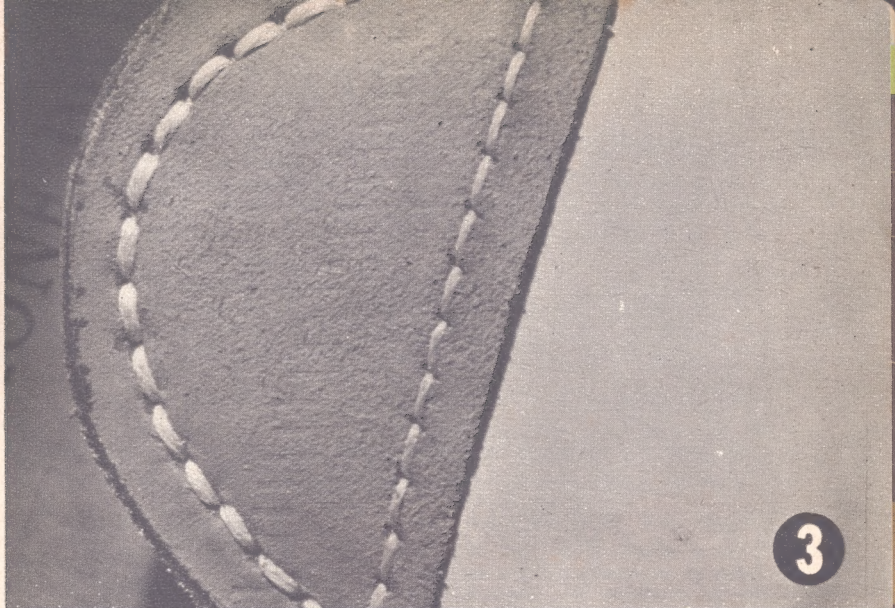
The photographer has caught the soles of four sport shoes. You're to identify the sport you'd be participating in if you were wearing the shoe. Answers below.

photos by Stewart Love

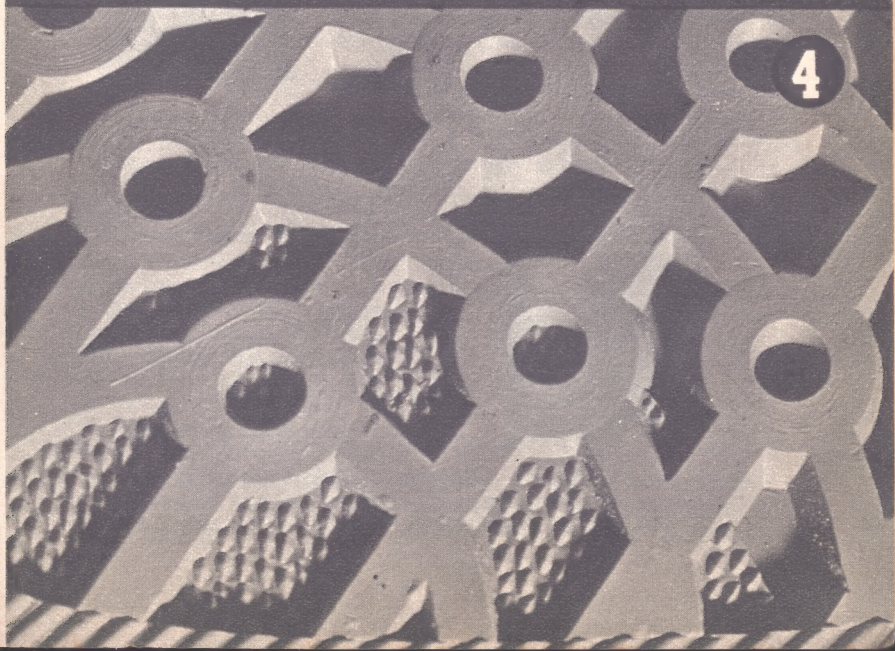
- 
1. Baseball
  2. Skiing
  3. Bowling
  4. Basketball







3



4

## Contributors



**ELIZABETH COATSWORTH**, author of a long list of books for youngsters, as well as verse, grown-up books,

and our story on Hingham (page 2), sent us this paragraph about herself: "I was born and brought up in Buffalo, but a few years after my father's death my mother and I moved to New England. I later married a South Shore man, Henry Beston, the writer and naturalist, and for the first years of our marriage we continued to live at Shipcote, an eighteenth century house overlooking the harbor. My love for its kind rooms and for the elm-shaded old town of Hingham is very deep, even now that we make our home on a Maine farm overlooking Damariscotta Pond."

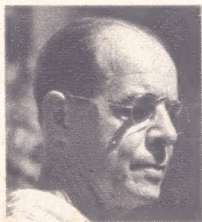
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**CHRISTIAN JENSEN'S** story and paintings of Manti, Utah (page 19), are the result of overheard anecdotes and boyhood explorations. He has been wandering about the West in search of the interesting, the remote, and the barely accessible ever since he came to the U. S. from Denmark four decades ago. Now a cartoonist and artist for the Salt Lake Tribune, he has been a sign painter, scene painter, farm hand, weaver, fruit picker and roofer. His art education consists of two unfinished correspondence courses, and he also managed to reach third year of high school,



but he has written technical articles on color for trade journals and has sold cartoons to national publications.

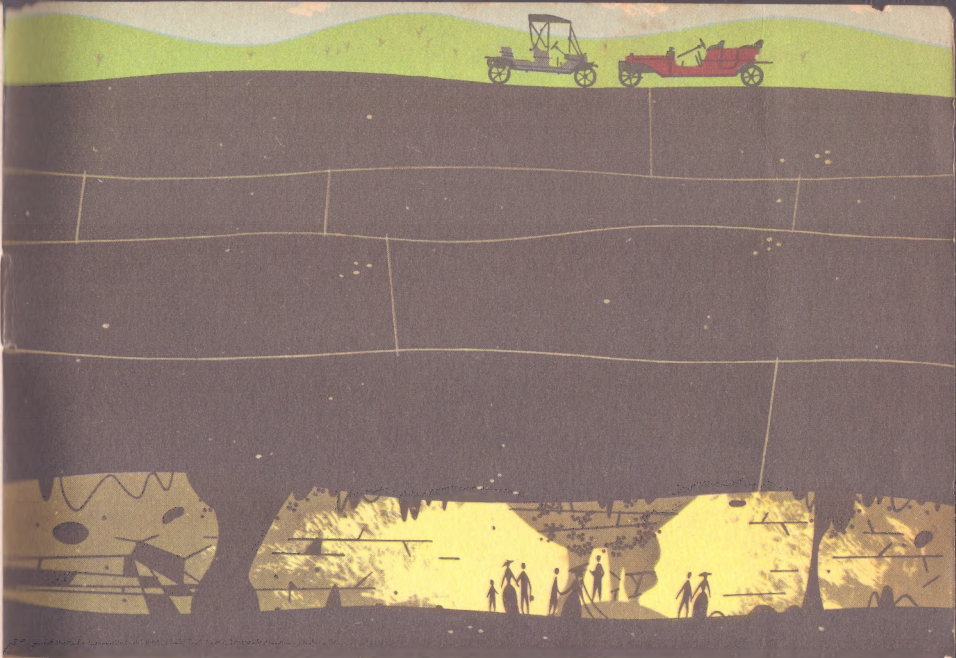
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The old story of the boy who is chained to a piano two hours every Saturday before he can play football applies to **WILMER**

**RICHTER**, who illustrated "Florida's Vest Pocket Jungle" (page 44), except that he wasn't interested in football; he wanted to be an artist. His father, an ardent lover of music, was bringing up five children to play Beethoven at home for him, and Wilmer loved art so much that he became a good pianist in self defense. He was drawing landscapes and copying other artists from the age of eight. A native of Philadelphia, he studied there and in Europe, has been in advertising, and now lives and teaches in Florida.





*design by Charles Harper*

## Horseless Carriage Adventures

### No. 18—MAMMOTH CAVE

The urge that prompts couples to be married on tightropes, stilts, and roller skates is perhaps responsible for the fact that up to now twenty-eight weddings have been performed in Mammoth Cave. The scene of the ceremonies is, appropriately enough, a formation known as the Bridal Altar. Cave lore has it that the underground weddings were started in the 1860's by a young lady who had promised a dying suitor that she would never marry any man on the face of the earth. To escape spinsterhood and not break her promise, the enterprising girl arranged to be married at the Bridal Altar. The remainder of the weddings were sprinkled over the years, the last taking place in 1942. The ceremony pictured above was being solemnized in 1908 or so. The big Model K of 1906-7, above ground at the right, probably belongs to the bride's parents, while the snappy little Model S runabout is waiting for the newlyweds, complete with mother-in-law seat.



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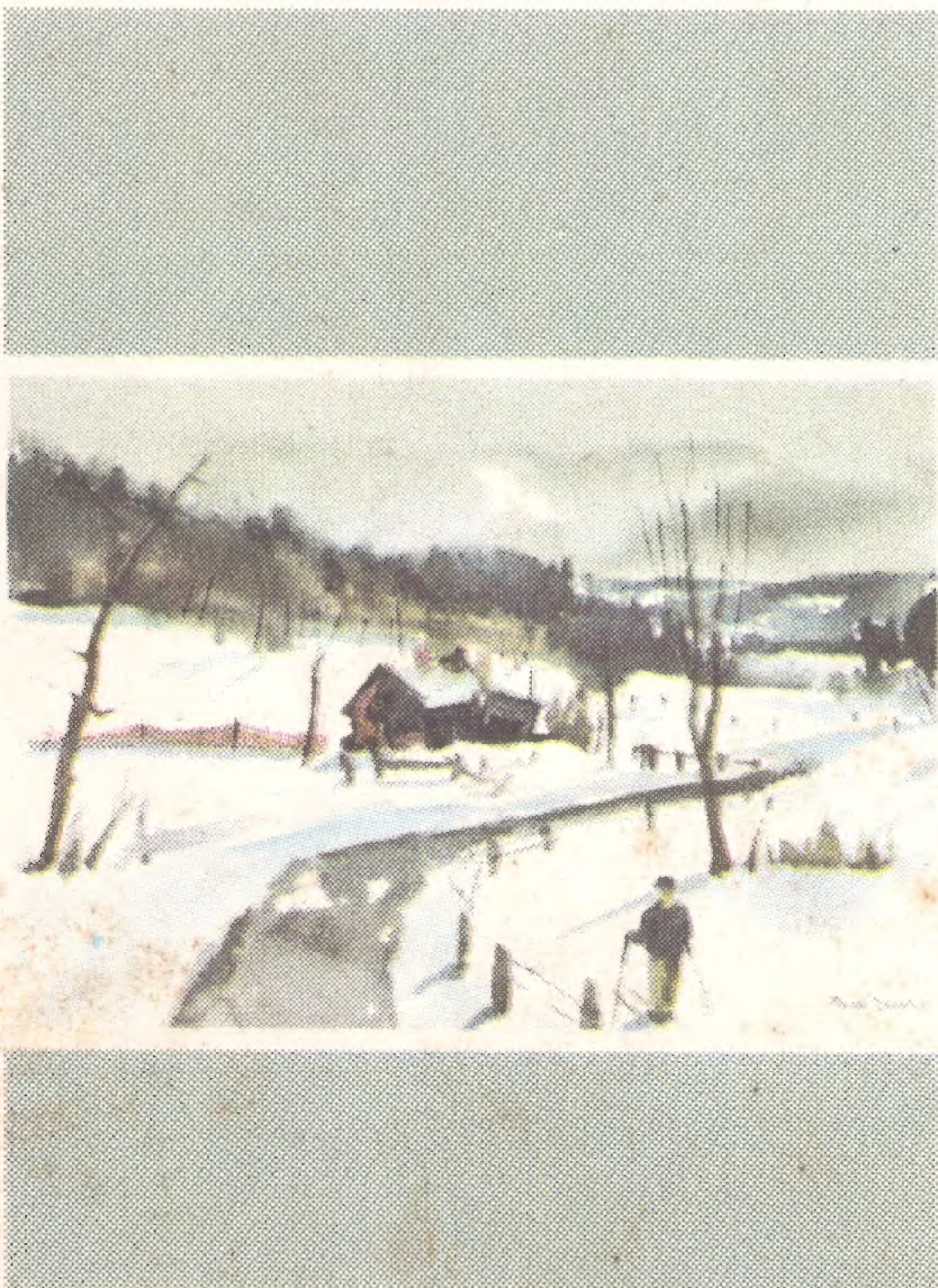
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Front cover—Paul Sample, celebrated American artist, painted this scene of a deserted house in the late winter countryside near Leamington, Vermont.

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